

FRONTISPIECE.



The Bird's Nest.

Published Dec 10, 1799, by E. S. Wherry, corner of St Paul.

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THE
SWALLOW:

A FICTION.

INTERSPERSED WITH

POETRY.

By E. A. KENDAL.

Kendall (?)
K

Thrice happy race whom Nature's call invites!
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taste her choicest stores, her best delights,
The summer's radiance and the sweets of spring!

JAGO.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR E. NEWBERRY,

AT THE CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;

By T. Baylis, Greville-Street, Hatton-Garden.

1800.



ADVERTISEMENT.

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THOUGH this little book contains many pages that are employed in the cause of due behaviour toward the lower classes of creatures, this is by no means the *only* object which I have in view. It is my wish to cultivate the knowledge, and consequent love, of Nature; and thus aid, in the manner that appears to me most powerful, the *general* interests of Virtue. —It is, besides, my plan to mingle various information; and to offer instruction upon every subject that presents itself.

THE AUTHOR.

SKETCH



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THE AUTHOR.

SKETCH

These are the highest ends
of human life, and the only
ends which are not
contradictory to each other.
The first is the pursuit of
wealth, and the second is
the pursuit of knowledge.
The first is the pursuit of
wealth, and the second is
the pursuit of knowledge.
The first is the pursuit of
wealth, and the second is
the pursuit of knowledge.
The first is the pursuit of
wealth, and the second is
the pursuit of knowledge.

THE FIRST

SKETCH
OF THE
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.....

INTRODUCTION.

PART I.

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Autumn drawing to a close, the swallow-tribes are about to migrate; but the young of WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK, (two swallows,) not being sufficiently grown, (the cause of which misfortune is related in a subsequent chapter,) this affectionate pair do not yet join the flocks which are preparing for departure; the reader is introduced, however, to some who are thus engaged.

CHAP. II.—PAGE 8.

MR. THOUGHTLESS, and his godson, EDMUND EAGER, make their appearance in this story under circumstances that agree extremely well with their names; a martin's nest is robbed; and EDMUND engages in the task of nursing the young birds instead of their parents; his success begins to manifest itself; but, the author digresses into some observations upon the faculties of animals; these observations are illustrated by accounts of the American bee; of the common sparrow; and a story of a dog, a cat, and a chicken.

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PART II.

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CHAP. XIX.—PAGE 154.

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E'er yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away ;
To-morrow lands them on a safer shore.

INTRODUCTION.

.....

IF through the medium of the species of romance that is here presented, the attention of the young can be engaged to the prospect of Nature, the accomplishment of two excellent purposes may be promoted: by presenting particular animals and objects, the author hopes to win their eyes to a general survey of the scene in which these occupy a place; and while they contemplate the **WHOLE**, he would lead them to perceive the just value of the parts, however minute, of which that **WHOLE** is composed: so that, thus, rather than by
direct

direct admonition, he might inculcate that decent regard to the conditions, the comforts and evils of others, which is the foundation and the object of all rational sensibility.

With respect to the influence of literary efforts in this latter behalf, let it be remembered that there are a thousand things, to which we were blind before, that we have seen clearly since the moment in which they were pointed out; that, on subjects which regard right and wrong, just to have the matter placed before our eyes is frequently sufficient; that, concerning errors which arise from inattention, from entire want of consideration, and the persisting in which serves no interest, the bare mention
of

of their turpitude, their absurdity, or impropriety, is, often, all that is required; that, the simple energy of *printed* observations is considerable with such readers as the young; and that, the plain delineation of those matters which they are accustomed to see only in the hurry and thoughtlessness of action, sensibly strike, and permanently impress, their imagination.

For the sake of miscellaneous instruction and entertainment, the author frequently attributes faculties to his animals which would be useless in their sphere, and which suppose cultivation: here, assuredly, physical veracity is violated: but fabulists are always to be tried by a code (of great

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latitude, indeed, but not without boundaries) by which they profess to govern themselves ; and there can be no danger that fiction so palpable should be mistaken for truth : it is chiefly, however, by bringing animals forward in their real character, (a character possessed of certain portions of perception and memory, and the capacity of comparing ideas and acting in consequence) by becoming a voice to the dumb, that the author hopes to promote *their* benefit ; and, by thus shutting up the openings to the persecuting temper, to serve mankind. That some degree of success may be expected will, perhaps, be allowed, when it is considered that, what has once been the subject of
close

close contemplation, especially when, as to the young, it is made almost our *first* contemplation, can scarcely, at any after-time, be passed by with listlessness; that, that which has once interested our feelings will always find in them a friend; and that, the object which has on one occasion contributed to our entertainment, can seldom be viewed without some partiality.

By presenting animals in this manner, a principal difficulty is obviated: that of leading the mind to remember that, beings of different species have, in part, the same views and interests: when this is once established, Nature which, till then, was not permitted to act, will assist

the moralist in claiming the sympathy of the heart :

‘ The scale to measure other’s wants by thine.’

When, however, the sympathy of the heart is spoken of as claimed for the brute creation, some will be tempted to accuse the author of romantic childishness, and others, more refined, may still be apprehensive that he wishes to disseminate fastidious, narrow-minded, anchoretical notions ; to represent, perhaps, our food as murderously obtained, or our superiority as falsely asserted : but this it is far from his intention to do ; and far, he trusts, from the tendency of what he has done. On every occasion, he has represented the death
of

of an animal as, in itself, no evil: he is by no means offended, as some of her warmest admirers have been, (he is perfectly satisfied,) with this part of the economy of Nature: but, because she has destined her creatures to death, he would not have men take the opportunity to practise wanton bloodshedding; much less would he have children 'swaddled, and rocked, and 'dandled,' into butchery.

The length of these introductory observations, in this place, may need apology if the size only of the book, or the labour of the composition, is to be considered; but they will be excused and attributed to a just motive, if the pages to which they are
pre-

prefixed are regarded with a view to the number and description of the hands into which they may fall; if it be remembered that a book of even this bulk and destination may convey ideas that folios will assail in vain; or, to which neither folios nor any other corrective may ever chance to be applied.

THE
SWALLOW.

IN THREE PARTS.



PART I.

What is this MIGHTY BREATH, ye sages, say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the FOWLS OF HEAVEN?

What but God!
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole!

THOMSON.

THE

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1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

THE
SWALLOW.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

—Through Sacred Prescience, well they know
The near approach of elemental strife;
The blustry tempest, and the chilling snow,
With every want and scourge of tender life!
Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;
For this, e'en now, they plume their vigorous wing;
For this consult, advise, prepare, excite,
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

JAGO.

“WINTER is approaching, here,”
said the swallow, SWIFT-WING, to
WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK,
B whose

whose young were yet in the nest. (This was about the fifteenth of September.)

“It is, indeed,” answered WHITE-BREAST; “but,” added the affectionate mother, “our little ones are yet “by far too weak to attempt the “journey; wherefore we have not “begun to think of going.”

“I hope, however,” returned SWIFT-WING, “that it will not be “long before you are prepared; for “the cold increases daily, and we “intend leaving England within “fourteen returns of morning.”

“We thank you,” answered WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK; “and we hope so too: but we must “attend to the young, you know; “and

"and for the rest, it must happen as
"it may."

All the tribes of swallows were, indeed, preparing for flight. First, single families assembled together; inquired into the health and strength of each other; and practised themselves, by little excursions, in the great business of migration. To try the strength of their wings, the old birds took the younglings-of-the-year to wide rivers, to the heights of towers and mountains, and to the sea-shore, where they taught them to skim, without resting, for hours together. "You are going," said one of the experienced, "many hundred miles from this your birth-place. Three times, already, I have tra-

“versed this immense space, and
“three times performed the journey
“in safety; fear not, therefore, your
“success. We are going to feast at
“a table that has been provided for
“us in our absence; and, in spring,
“we shall return to this country
“again. Repine not that you are
“destined to these laborious journies:
“those birds who are permitted to
“spend the winter here, do not, in-
“deed, undergo our fatigue, but they
“are exposed to hardships that make
“their lot equal in point of bliss.”

“Equal,” cried another swallow,
WIDEMOUTH by name! “I consi-
“der no creature under heaven as
“equally blest with Swallows! While
“other animals are obliged to bear
“all

“ all the revolutions of the seasons,
“ we enjoy perpetual summer. Rov-
“ ing from land to land, remaining in
“ each only during its most happy
“ days, what animal can compare its
“ existence with that of the Swal-
“ low ?”

“ It is the happiness of every class
“ of creatures,” replied the first, who
was a philosophical swallow, “ to
“ imagine itself more favored of hea-
“ ven than any other. But God blesses
“ all. Every condition has its ad-
“ vantages. The birds who shiver
“ in winter, and spend the short day
“ in an anxious search of food, find
“ in sleep, to which the cold disposes
“ them, and which the long nights
“ encourage, sufficient consolation.
B 3 “ Wrapped

“ Wrapped in more than ordinary
“ cloathing, for all creatures that are
“ to bear the winter have more co-
“ vering during that season than in
“ summer, they do not envy the
“ Swallow who, by weary flights,
“ gains, emaciated sometimes, and
“ almost a skeleton through fatigue,
“ a spot, at that time, more fortunate.
“ —You must recollect that, insen-
“ sible of the strength of our wings,
“ such an undertaking must appear
“ to them as impracticable, or, if
“ practicable, as a hardship of greater
“ magnitude than winter, in all its
“ severity, can inflict.—If, however,
“ you think all other birds less happy
“ than us, because they do not mi-
“ grate, you must recollect that there
“ are

“are several other kinds which partake that inestimable blessing.”

Families having separately assembled, now unite into flocks; these flocks progressively increase in numbers; and disport themselves whole days together round spires and towers. At length, vast multitudes are assembled together; and propose, at the end of three days, to commence their flight.



CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Go, Tom, a ladder bring, and reach the nest,
'Tis but a chirping sparrow's, and 'twill serve
To pacify the boy. What if the dam
In patient expectation sit, and hope
Another day shall all her cares reward
And bring to light her helpless progeny?

VILLAGE CURATE.

IN a corner of a window of the same house, in the chimney of which WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK had built their nest, two Martins had constructed theirs. This house was the residence of a very well meaning gentleman, Mr. THOUGHTLESS. He had

had invited his godson, EDMUND EAGER, to spend a few days at this his country retreat.

One morning, EDMUND EAGER expressed his curiosity concerning the form and colours of swallows, which, as he observed, pass along so swiftly that it is difficult to ascertain what sort of birds they are. Mr. THOUGHTLESS, who was extremely good natured, said, in reply, that he wished he could gratify his young visitor with a close inspection of this bird of passage.

“ Sir,” replied EDMUND, “ there
“ are several nests of martins about
“ your house ; and, as they are very
“ near leaving England, the young
“ ones,

“ones, no doubt, are almost full
“grown.”

“I should scarcely think,” returned Mr. THOUGHTLESS, “that
“there are any young in the nests
“now; considering that September
“is almost at an end: and these birds
“always leave us, they say, by the
“last day of this month, or very
“early in October.”

“Indeed, Sir,” answered young EAGER, “I have observed the martins carrying food into their
“nests—”

“Are you sure of that?” interrupted Mr. THOUGHTLESS.

“Yes,” replied EAGER, “for I
“looked at one for, I dare say, a
“whole hour, only yesterday.”—

“Did

“Did you, indeed!” cried Mr. THOUGHTLESS: “Well, you young philosophers have the patience of Job. There is nothing, they say, like observing. But was you not tired of looking so long at a bird’s-nest?”

“O, no, Sir;” I was thinking how I could get at it: for I think I should very much like to have some young Swallows, and keep them all the winter. That would be very curious, you know.”

“I dare say it would, my boy: we will see if Tom cannot get hold of a nest, some way or other; it will serve to amuse you; and young people should have play-things.”

Tom

Tom was called, and some difficulty presenting itself at the window, a ladder offered the most expeditious means of reaching the nest.

When Tom ascended and attempted to take the nest, only one of the parent-martins was within ; the mother had gone out in search of food. The construction of the nest was such, that Tom was unable to bring it away, as he had been desired. The old martin staid till the last moment ; but Tom thinking to take it, with the young, and applying his hand, the terrified bird involuntarily fled. Tom now broke into the shelter of helpless innocence, and pulled out, one by one, the young birds which it contained. Meanwhile,
at

at the bottom of the ladder, stood Mr. THOUGHTLESS and his godson, anxiously giving directions, and expecting the prize.

EDMUND EAGER received the young martins with inexpressible delight. The whole morning was spent in forming contrivances for their accommodation, the afternoon in accumulating provision, and half the night in planning aviaries and cages. Next morning, however, the young birds begun to droop. As the gathered rose for some time retains its freshness and its vigour, and seems to suffer nothing by its separation from the parent stem, yet soon loses its colour, and sinks its beautiful head ; so, the little birds sustained their
G health

health and spirits till the strength their parents gave them was exhausted; and then, it being totally out of EDMUND's power to renew it, they begun to faint. The poor boy had fancied yesterday that the utmost success had crowned his efforts; and that he had happily found out the art of rearing birds with as great perfection as the parents themselves: thus he thought: forgetful that, Nature has made every creature peculiarly skilful in the employments which she had intended it to exercise; and bestowed on no one a capacity which it can never usefully employ.

It is no disgrace to man that he is unable to perform many exquisite
arts

arts in which other creatures excel; it is the envy of ignorance only, therefore, that would attempt to deny or depreciate their merit. No man can make a bird's nest; but neither can any animal, beside himself, construct a ship. It is not, then, to exalt any part of creation above the human, that, the dispositions or capacities of animals are pointed out; but, simply to state the truth, and illustrate the most important part of the history of nature. The truth is, every creature has a sufficient portion of intellectual capacity for its situation. — The uniformity of the operations of animals was, once, supposed to prove that they acted like the machinery of a steam-engine,

without knowing what they did, or for what purpose they employed themselves ; but they act uniformly only because their occasions of action are uniform ; whenever these are varied, like man, they adapt their conduct to the variety of their situation. There is a bee in America that lodges on a species of the *mimosa* or acacia, which is strongly guarded at the top of the trunk, where the branches divide, with large thorns, capable of preventing beasts from ascending the tree. This bee, thus secured by nature, neglects those precautions by which all others are distinguished. Sparrows, in general, construct their nests under the tiles of houses, or in holes in the walls ;

walls ; but some build them on the tops of trees. The difference of these circumstances affords them an opportunity of exhibiting a singular instance of sagacity. In the nests built on trees they form an artificial roof, which prevents the entrance of rain ; and forming, at the same time, an opening beneath, through which to pass ; but, when they build under cover, they omit the then unnecessary roof. “ Instinct is manifested in this case in a manner nearly analogous to reason, as it supposes, at least, the comparing together of two ideas.—In this little race there is a diversity of manners, and a more varied and perfected instinct than in

most other birds. This improvement is to be ascribed to their familiarity with mankind; they are in part domesticated, without the loss of independence. From our society they draw whatever suits their convenience; and in it they acquire that subtlety, circumspection, and increase of the instinctive faculty, which is exhibited in the great variety of their habits, relative to different situations, seasons, and other circumstances *."

In common poultry, whose lives pass entirely under the direction and care of man, we see a total disregard of making a nest, and many other circumstances that would be essential

* *Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux*, de Buffon, tome 3.
in

in a state of nature ; but which, in our yards, are either ready prepared, or unnecessary. Instances without number may be produced in which animals of almost every description have, by change of circumstances, entirely changed their habits. A gentleman in Kent had one chicken, only, left of a brood, the mother of which was accidentally killed. The chicken was brought within doors, where, among those who endeavored to nurse and cherish it, the most assiduous as well as extraordinary, was a cat. Puss had lately lost her kittens ; she adopted the chicken, taught it to press to her for warmth, and in every respect treated it as a young cat ; she even carried it about in her mouth,

mouth, and played with it with harmless paws. What contributed to this scene of friendly intercourse was, the presence of an old dog, who had always lived on good terms with tabby; he behaved with equal friendship toward her adopted chicken; and frequently, before the fire, this singular trio lay asleep in peace. When the chicken grew up, the same sociality continued: it would sit on the back of the dog; play with the cat; and, daily, were to be seen the dog, the cat, and the chicken, eating together out of the same plate.

Instances of the variableness of the habits of animals, of their docility and sagacity, have always been considered

sidered as *wonderful*; but this *wonder* is partly the effect of inattention; for, though man is unquestionably the chief of the animal creation, the other animals, according to the number of their instincts, or, which amounts to the same thing, according to the mental powers with which nature has endowed them, comparatively approach to or recede from the sagacity and genius of the human species. *The whole is a graduated scale of intelligence.* A philosopher should, therefore, contemplate and admire the whole; but should never be *surprised* at any partial exhibitions of the *general scene of intellect and animation* *.

* See Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History.

CHAP. III.

Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
The astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robbed ; to the ground the vain provision falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade.

THOMSON.

WHILE EDMUND was perplexed with a thousand difficulties in his attendance upon the dying young ones, he never cast a thought upon the desolated parents. He had been taught, either positively or by implication, that nothing but man has any feelings : (a common imputation, with the ignorant, against all those who

who do not *talk* about them.) It may, however, deserve the attention of the reader, if we endeavour to represent the situation of the birds; a picture from which, if he is diligent, he will, perhaps, discover whether EDMUND was right or wrong in taking away their young.

The Martin that, as we have said, fled involuntarily and panic-struck from the hand of Tom, returned, a moment after, to defend the nest. On discovering the broken walls, and the pillage that had been made, the little bird lost, for a moment, all sense and recollection. Darting away, he skimmed round the house, uttering shrill screams; and, returning to the ruined nest, dashed against
the

the windows, and called for vengeance on the inhospitable roof. "Foolish bird," cried he, "you deserve your fate! Have not repeated distresses already warned you of approaching man? Why have you not learned to prefer the bleak, storm-battered rock, the wild, windy summit of the barren mountain, to the treacherous, falsely-smiling neighbourhood of man?" Now, rushing violently away, he hastened to tell the mother of the calamity that had happened. In a minute, however, he began to think that he was dreaming, and hastened back to convince himself of the truth. He called aloud to his young ones; but there was no reply: he dashed

dashed against the walls; clung to the last, loved, relics of the demolished nest; called; supplicated the robber to restore him once again the objects of his care; conjured him by all that is tender, all that is generous, pious; by all the glory of giving, and the bliss of blessing; to let him see, only see, the helpless creatures of which he had been deprived! Then, he set out again to find their mother: he saw her glance along, laden with provision; but, afraid to tell the tale, and particularly ashamed of having abandoned his charge, (yet, how could he do otherwise?) he darted a contrary way, and hid himself while she passed.

D

The

The mother, delighting herself with having collected a large and delicate booty, and anticipating the pleasure her arrival would diffuse, twittered gaily as she went. In her flight she passes, with increasing rapture, the various objects that lie near her dwelling: the stream, the paddock, the oaks, the garden, and, now, the house itself rises to her view! On one window she fixes her eyes, and thither directs her course. Already misgivings seize her heart; the unusual appearance of her abode, its cheerless silence—no chirping welcome, no head peeping out! Alas! too easily she guesses the destruction that has taken place! She approaches, discovers all; and

and scarcely retaining the government of her wings, flutters away, and sinks upon a neighbouring thatch !



CHAP. IV.

O, then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If on your bosoms innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade!

THOMSON,

THE Martin had watched with anxiety the behaviour of the distressed mother, and, now, he ventured toward the spot on which she lay. He accused himself of cowardice; but the mother knew full well that resistance was impossible. “A-las!” she seemed to say, “was it for this that we have three times rebuilt our nest! Was it for this
“that,

“ that, regardless of ourselves, we
“ continued to nurse our young
“ (which, but for the persecutions
“ we have suffered would have been
“ already grown) while the happier
“ part of our tribe were preparing to
“ depart ! What has become of them
“ now ! Already, methinks, they be-
“ gin to droop ; already lie languid
“ in the dungeons of their destroyer !
“ poor little things !—How many
“ times they vainly call for their
“ absent parents !—dear nurslings !—
“ all in all to me ! they die, imploring
“ the compassion, and lamenting the
“ neglect, of their parents !” Here
she ceased, and sat in grief-ful si-
lence. We shall not attempt to in-
terpret all the melancholy twitterings

which she afterward uttered; but, among others, she frequently exclaimed —“ Where are they? O that I might
“ be admitted to them! Little dying creatures, do not think that *we*
“ have abandoned you! The robber
“ is the cause of your death, and of
“ our misery!”

While, thus, the parents gave way to affliction, a Wagtail, with whom they had frequently met at the water's side, alighted and inquired the cause? Upon being told, he exclaimed: “ There are no bounds,
“ surely, to the evils which unthinking men create! but be comforted;
“ your young ones are fledged, and
“ may still do well.”

“ No,” answered the Martin, “ I
“ have

“ have heard a Red-breast tell a story,
“ that now fills all my imagination
“ with the most woful bodings.”

“ Let us hear the story,” said the benevolent Wagtail ; “ perhaps we
“ shall be able to show that it ought
“ not to increase your distress.”

“ As this Redbreast,” said the Martin, “ passed, lately, through a
“ wood, he heard a faint cry, that
“ seemed to be uttered by despair.
“ The charitable bird stopped his
“ flight, and sought the spot whence
“ the pitiable voice had issued. It
“ was long ere he could discover the
“ retreat of misery. In the most
“ soothing accents—what soothing
“ accents cannot a Red-breast utter !
“ —he inquired who, and where, was
“ the

“ the creature in affliction ? Faint
“ voices came again upon his ear, in
“ tones that went at once to his
“ susceptible heart. Attentive, now,
“ to the sound, he sprung from spray
“ to spray till, perceiving a nest, he
“ immediately alighted by its side.”

The mother stopped, and was long
unable to proceed. Assuming reso-
lution, at length, the poor bird con-
tinued the story : “ In the nest, the
“ Red-breast beheld five little birds.
“ One only seemed capable of using
“ its voice : three lay dead. ‘ Un-
“ fortunate birds,’ said the Red-
“ breast, ‘ where are your parents ?’
“ The strongest of the two little birds
“ was just able to reply, that they
“ had long been deprived of one,
“ and

“and that, for four days, their sur-
“viving parent had been absent.
“Two of us died yesterday, conti-
“nued the little bird, for want of
“food; the other was dying when
“we heard you approach: we thought
“it was our parent; we hoped that
“he would have lived a few mo-
“ments longer, and that he might,
“so, be saved: but, to our great
“anguish, he died even while we
“heard wings approaching; O,
“heart-cheering sound, so long a
“stranger to our ears! The little
“starving bird opened his mouth for
“food, and died.—”

“Comfort yourselves, said the
“Red-breast, in a minute I will
“bring you food. The good Robin
“re-

“ returned in an instant, and pre-
“ sented a repast to the famished
“ birds. He prepared the food for
“ their tender stomachs, and treated
“ them as his own : they were Chaf-
“ finches. He devoted himself to
“ their care ; removed the dead birds,
“ placed them in the hollow of a tree,
“ and covered them with moss and
“ rose-leaves. Notwithstanding all
“ his attention, he had the affliction
“ to find the weakest of the birds
“ past recovery : at the end of two
“ days it died. One day, after he
“ had fed his little charge, he said :
“ it is strange that, during four days,
“ no bird should have visited you ;
“ for sure I am that not one who
“ knew your helpless state would have
“ passed

“ passed by without assisting you.—

“ Your case is peculiarly sad : many

“ nestlings have the misfortune to

“ lose one of their parents ; but that

“ you should be deprived of both is

“ extraordinary. Have you any idea

“ of the cause ?”—

“ I remember that, while I was ex-

“ tremely young, said the little bird,

“ my father came home almost dead

“ with sorrow, and told us that, we

“ should never see our mother again.

“ She had seen a quantity of bread,

“ and, thinking to treat us with a ra-

“ rity, she went to bring part of it

“ away. Suddenly, she found her

“ wings incumbered with a clammy

“ snare, and, full of agony, she dis-

“ covered herself to be detained. In

“ that

“ that moment, said my father, of
“ disappointment and apprehension,
“ in that moment, all her thoughts
“ centered, my children, upon
“ you ! He, alarmed by her de-
“ lay, went out to learn where she
“ might be : he saw her strug-
“ gling with the bird-lime, and was
“ about to try if he could assist, when
“ a youth stepped forward and caught
“ her in his hands. My father re-
“ mained, stupified with horror ;
“ but, at length, recollecting us, and
“ seeing his presence unavailing to
“ my mother, he brought us our
“ food. Night coming on, prevented
“ him from returning, as he anxiously
“ wished, to learn the fate of my mo-
“ ther. In the morning, he revi-
“ sited

“sited the spot so fatal to his peace,
“and beheld, with frantic grief, the
“youth exhibiting a cage in which
“he had enclosed my mother! From
“that day, he spent all the time that
“he could spare from us beside my
“mother’s cage. He bade her hope
“for liberty; carried her our mes-
“sages of love; and answered her
“questions concerning our welfare
“and our growth. He used to pro-
“mise us that, when we were fledged,
“he would take us to her cage; and
“we were beginning to think that
“happy day at hand, when, one
“morning, a few moments after he
“had set out to fetch us food and
“to visit my mother, we heard a stun-
“ning noise, which rattled through

E

the

“ the wood ; we fancied that, in the
“ instant, my father screamed ; but,
“ however that might be, we never
“ beheld him more.”

“ Ah, little bird,” said the Red-
breast, “ too surely, your father was
“ fired at, and killed.”—

“ Thus you see,” continued the
Martin, “ what is the fate of little
“ birds who are deprived of their
“ parents : not every family will find
“ a fostering Red-breast ; and, even
“ with that assistance, all these nest-
“ lings starved save one.”

“ Good Martin,” said the Wag-
tail, “ do not think your young ones
“ so badly off as the young Chaf-
“ finches : they are fledged : and,
“ I have no doubt, the boy in
“ whose

“ whose possession they are will give
“ them food.”

The Martins would receive no comfort ; they never saw their young again ; they pined daily ; they lost their strength ; they had not spirits to accompany the principal migration * ; and, when the second flock departed, their affliction had so weakened them that they could not go. They lived a few cheerless desolate days ; and then, the cold season advancing, they died together.

* Some do not set off till a week, a fortnight, or three weeks after h: rest: and some there are, too, which do not go at all, but stay and perish under the first rigours of the cold. Those swallows that delay their flight, or never undertake it, are such as have had the misfortune to have their nests destroyed, and have been obliged to rebuild them a second or third time.---BUFFON.

CHAP. V.

To rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

MALLET.

SEPTEMBER ended, all the swallow tribes assembled, prepared for departure :

No sorrow loads *their* breast, nor swells *their* eye,
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home.

Two Martins, indeed, which should have been of the party, were disposed of, as we have seen, by EDMUND EAGER's care. Besides these, two swallows, of whom we have heard nothing since the first chapter, were

were absent, also, from the gay expecting flock: WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK still continued with their young. The little swallows had quitted the nest, but were not quite strong enough to attempt the great migratory flight.

“Are you not ready,” said a swallow who was pluming his wings and preparing for the journey, “are you not ready to go?” said he, to WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK.

“No,” replied WHITE-BREAST: “we tried the strength of our little one’s wings yesterday; and had the misfortune to find them tired with even our exercises.”

“That is unfortunate, indeed,” returned the swallow: “what sad

“circumstances have caused you to
“be so behind-hand this season?”

“The destruction of our nests,
“friend, as you may guess,” replied
WHITE-BREAST.

“Surely you must have been im-
“prudent in the choice of situa-
“tions?”

“We have not been conscious of
“imprudence,” replied the swal-
lows: “we chose what appeared to
“be proper places: our first nest
“was built in the chimney of a
“house that, just as we had com-
“pleted our work, was pulled down;
“our second was stolen by a chim-
“ney-sweeper; our third, we have
“nursed in safety, but, as you see,
“full late in the season.”

“You

“ You are much to be pitied,” said the Swallow.

“ I am in the same unhappy situation,” said a Martin : “ we built our first nest in the window of a church ; but, one day, on returning, we found the materials scattered upon the ground beneath. Mr. *Whitewash* had been chosen churchwarden ; whereupon, representing to the parishioners that the building ought to be *repaired and beautified*, he employed his brother-in-law, the glazier, to attack the windows ; and, himself, smeared the inside of the venerable edifice with black and white and yellow. Our second nest was most unfortunately placed in the
“ corner

“ corner of a window of the house of
“ Mrs. *Tabitha Cleanly*. This lady
“ leads a retired life ; but, being to
“ receive a visit from 'Squire Careless
“ and his Lady, she was resolved to
“ have her house *as it should be*. The
“ whole family were, therefore, oc-
“ cupied in scrubbing, rubbing,
“ scraping, washing, wiping, till she
“ had the satisfaction of saying, that
“ her *boards were fit for the king to*
“ *eat off of*. All this commotion
“ gave us much disturbance, but we
“ little thought where it would end.
“ Our young ones were about ten
“ days old, when our nest was as-
“ saulted by a fire-shovel ; we were
“ found guilty of having dirtied the
“ windows ; our little ones fell on
“ the

“ the ground ; one was crushed under the feet of the assailants ; the rest were thrown by Mrs. Tabitha Cleanly over the garden-wall ; where, as we flew to succour them, they were carried away by rats. I leave you to judge of our affliction.—”

When the second troop departed, WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK still found their young too weak to accompany them. They saw the third and last assemblage set off, likewise : and still their infants were too weak. The pious birds remained. ‘ They staid,’ to employ the words of a great philosopher, ‘ they staid for the love of their little ones ; and chose rather to endure the rigours of
‘ the

‘ the season than to abandon their
‘ offspring.—Thus,’ says he, ‘ they
‘ remain some time after the rest for
‘ the purpose of taking their young
‘ with them ; and if they are unable
‘ to accomplish this in the end, they
‘ will stay and perish with them.’



CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest ;
And drest o'er thy summer joys
Free from the stormy season's noise.

COWLEY, FROM ANACREON.

THEY did perish. The Martins, thanks to EDMUND EAGER, perished : and WHITE-BREAST and BLUE-BACK, and their young ones, perished ; one, only, excepted. This little bird would have died, likewise, but that, being overcome with cold, he crept under the roof of a building,

ing, and fell into a torpid sleep, from which, during the whole winter, he did not awake.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



leep,
win-

THE
SWALLOW.

IN THREE PARTS.



PART II.

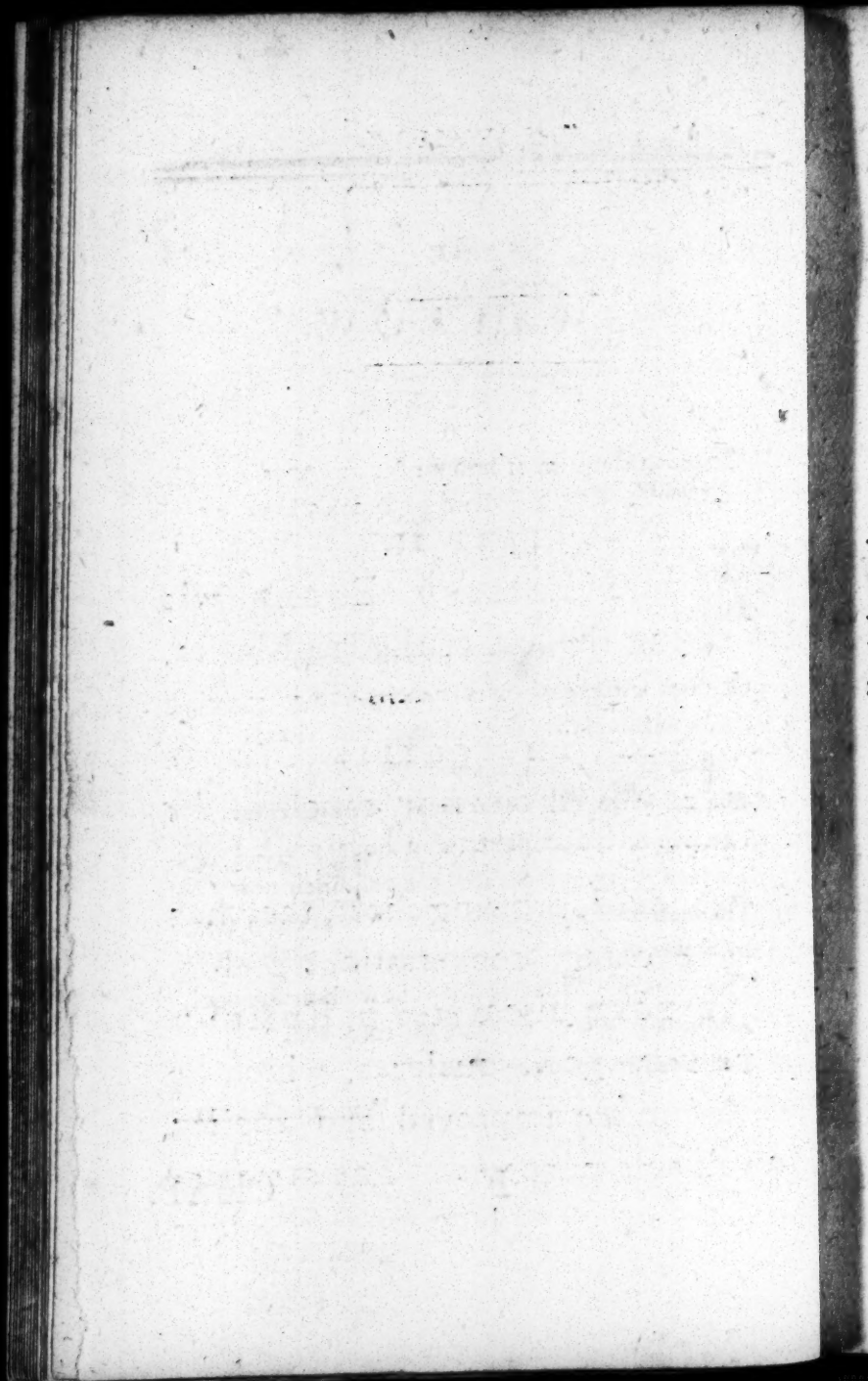
Ah me! the golden year is done!---

Where waves the wood,
Or rings with harmony the merry vale?
Day's harbinger no song attunes; no song
Or solo anthem deigns sweet Philomel.
The golden wood-pecker laughs loud no more.
The pye no longer prates; no longer scolds
The saucy jay. Who sees the goldfinch now
The feathered groundsil pluck, or hears him sing,
In bower of apple-blossoms perch'd? Who sees
The chimney-haunting SWALLOW skim the pool,
And quaintly dip, or hears his early song
Twittered to young-eyed day?

VILLAGE CURATE.

F

CHAP.



CHAP. VII.

To teach the sum of knowledge in a trice.

KING OF INDIA'S LIBRARY.

WHILE EDMUND EAGER was lamenting the loss of the last Martin, a Mr. AYLESFORD came to pay a visit to Mr. THOUGHTLESS. As the weather was unpleasant, much of the time was spent within doors; and the days, indeed, growing short, they had long evening conversations. Mr. AYLESFORD discovered in EDMUND some very good qualities, which he wished to see improved and applied to valuable purposes. The same ar-

dour with which he pursued trifles, and, sometimes, improper objects, might, he rightly judged, be employed to real advantage. Mr. AYLESFORD sometimes recommended to him to read; but Mr. THOUGHTLESS opposed this: "Sir," said he, "I'll shew you a *copy* of "*verses* upon that subject."

The verses were the following :

THE KING OF INDIA'S LIBRARY;
OR, THE SUM OF KNOWLEDGE.

A FABLE.

What shelves of books to Dabshelim belong !---
A thousand camels bear the load along ;
A hundred bramins scarce in order keep
The num'rous volumes, fill'd with knowledge deep :
The king, unable through these stores to wade,
(The king, whose hours so many tasks invade),
Invites the bramins to extract with care
All that is useful, beautiful, or rare :

The learned sages to the work apply;
Abridge, translate, expunge with critic-eye;
With so much zeal and diligence they toil
That *twenty years* complete th'important toil;
Thus prun'd, reduc'd, twelve thousand books suffice,
To teach the sum of knowledge in a trice;
A *neat compendium*, and arrang'd with care,
Which thirty camels, now, with ease can bear.

Pleas'd with their job, th'exulting bramins bring
Their load of letters to the studious king;
But what surprise their rising brows confess'd
When, thus, the sultan makes a new request:

"Beseech you, sages, in your work proceed:

"E'en thirty camel-loads I ne'er can read!"

Abridg'd, once more, to fifteen; next to ten;
To four, at length; and, now, but two remain:
Still deem'd too large; at last, the burden light
Scarce loads a mule, a mule of common height.

This done, alas! great Dabshelim despairs
(For, while the books grew less, he grew in years)
That time may not permit him e'en to drain

All the rich essence these small tomes contain:

"Illustrious Sultan!" said the wise vizier,

"Whom all the nations of the earth revere!

"Your royal books imperfectly I know,

"Yet humbly try their whole contents to show;

“ My brief account, in one short minute read,
 “ Shall furnish matter for the heart and head.”
 A palm-leaf, then, the sapient Pilpay took ;
 (One leaf the whole of his instructive book !)
 With golden style the golden words he writes,
 And these four sentences the sage indites :

I.

One word : *perhaps*, all science may comprise,
 With few exceptions ; human hist’ry lies
 In as short compass : for, or low or high,
 Man’s tale is, merely : *born* ; then *suffer* ; *die*.

II.

Love what is good ; do all you love to do :
 Think nought but truth ; and say not all that’s true :

III.

O, kings, your fierce unruly passions sway ;
 Govern yourselves ; and, then, but children’s play
 The easy task to make the world obey ! }

IV.

O, kings ! O, people ! ne’er too often told
 Are these true maxims :—learn them young and old,
 Let all within ye prove, and all without :
 (What the half-witted venture still to doubt :)
 No bliss is found except in virtue’s road ;
 Nor virtue save with reverence of God !

This

“ This is an excellent fable,” said Mr. AYLESFORD : “ but it must not “ be misunderstood. Its design is to “ show the principles of all know- “ ledge ; that of our attainments we “ should think with humility, because “ few of our conclusions are infalli- “ ble ; that human life in all various “ stations is marked with the same “ leading features ; that the most dif- “ ficult undertaking is the govern- “ ment of ourselves ; that virtue is “ the only source of happiness ; and “ that virtue cannot exist without “ real piety toward God.”

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Where do the cranes, or winding swallows, go,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snow?
If, into rocks, or hollow trees they creep,
In temporary death confined to sleep;
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions and a southern sky?

PRIOR.

WHEN EDMUND EAGER complained of the loss of his young Martins, Mr. AYLESFORD observed that, his bad success might very easily be accounted for. "Scarcely any of
"the birds that are taken from the
"nest," said he, "survive, for any
"length of time, their misfortune;
"and, of all others, the swallow-
"kinds

“kinds must be the least adapted to
“the experiment. Their natural
“food consists of insects, and is,
“therefore, so different from any
“thing that you can procure for
“their subsistence that, they cannot
“fail of being starved: this objection
“you will allow to be tolerably de-
“cisive; but supposing that food
“could be obtained, their habits of
“life are totally incompatible with
“confinement: the extensive range
“which they require can be allowed
“them only in a wild state; and the
“untameableness of their disposition,
“which, notwithstanding their con-
“tinual resort to the dwellings of
“man, has never been conquered,
“would render detention impossible:
“be-

“ besides, you forget, surely, that
“ these birds leave us in the winter?”

“ O, no,” replied EDMUND: “ but
“ as I understand that they go away
“ because it is cold, I would keep
“ them so warm that they should not
“ know when summer ceased.”

“ If together with warmth, you
“ could perpetuate the insect-food,
“ and other attendants of summer,”
said Mr. AYLESFORD, “ your kind
“ project might seem plausible: but,
“ indeed, the thing is so absolutely
“ impossible that it cannot be ad-
“ mitted for a moment, unless for the
“ sake of argument:—You cannot
“ pervert the designs of nature: the
“ disappearance of swallows is neces-
“ sary

"sary to the general welfare of crea-
"tion."

"How can it be necessary, or what
"purpose can it answer," said ED-
MUND, "that so many millions of
"birds should pass half the year in
"sleep?"

"If," said Mr. AYLESFORD, "so
"many millions of birds *do* lie in
"this condition during winter, na-
"ture has, here, singularly aban-
"doned the frugality of that plan in
"conformity with which she seems
"to have created nothing that she
"does not constantly employ: but
"that all swallows *do* sleep through
"the winter, is very far from being
"an established fact. Many unac-
"countable stories upon this subject
"are

“ are to be found in the books of the
“ naturalists : I will presume to state
“ the opinion that I have formed for
“ myself ; at the same time, I must
“ caution you that, though some
“ of the theories that have been
“ advanced are extraordinary to a
“ degree that might tempt one
“ to pronounce them absurd, yet
“ we should be careful not, too
“ rashly, to deny the truth of what
“ is even in direct opposition to all
“ the knowledge we possess. To il-
“ lustrate this position, and in return
“ for the fable with which Mr.
“ THOUGHTLESS has obliged us, I
“ will relate the story of

THE HORSE THAT TRAVELLED.

THE HORSE THAT TRAVELLED.

A horse to travel much inclin'd,
(A horse of observation)
Went out, 'tis said, t'enlarge his mind,
From the frozen Lapland nation.

Thro' France, thro' England, and thro' Spain,
He gallop'd, canter'd, trotted :
And nothing he beheld in vain,
Each object well he noted.

He saw, no doubt, Newmarket Races,
Veterinary College ;
And visited all sorts of places
Fit for a horse's knowledge :

But what he thought of running, betting,
Or economy o'th' stable,
(Though information worth the getting)
Belongs not to the fable.

Enough for us that, leaving Spain,
To Africa he ventur'd ;
And, reaching blest Arabia's plain,
King Lion's cave he enter'd.

G

Here,

There, to the monarch introduc'd
By the proper beast-in-waiting,
Letters of credence he produc'd,
His name and business stating :

“ Sir,” said the full-maned prince ; “ I praise

“ Your liberal taste for travel :

“ On wonders every day you gaze,

“ And mysteries unravel.

“ You children of the rigid North,

“ Are made for noble labour ;

“ To us 'tis given to feast in sloth,

“ And boast the sun our neighbour.

“ But trust me, Sir, though an idler I,

“ I am fond of active story :

“ Pray tell me yours—nay don't deny---

“ To travel, Sir, is glory !”

Thus spake the king : th'obedient horse,

Complacent, paw'd and snorted ;

Then fell, full length, into discourse,

And marv'lous things reported :

“ Of Lapland first, Sire, whence I came,

“ I'll make remarks, and briefly :

“ Not to proclaim our wizards' fame,

“ But talk of nature, chiefly.

- " A country, Sire, of greater worth,
 " What naturalist can mention ?
 " A people of more hardy birth,
 " And fam'd for grand invention?"

(Thus he, for dear our native home
 Though ne'er so rude and dreary :
 We know its charms : and if we roam
 All foreign scenes soon weary.)

- " There's drumming, Sire, and smoked retreats,
 " And many a pretty notion ;
 " They conjure, Sir, and make receipts
 " To rule the stormy ocean.

- " But the place itself I'd show,
 " In which both hill and vale is ;
 " Firs, glitt'ring with a half-year's snow,
 " And *Aurora Borealis*.

- " Thrice-favor'd land ! in winter's night,
 " The moon is always shining :
 " And then, to crown the scene so bright,
 " There's singing, drinking, dining.

- " The sun returns : he fills the vales
 " With vegetable treasure ;
 " The air with birds ; the sea with *whales* ;
 " The days with wealth and pleasure !—

“ But, Sire,” he cries, “ a useful way

“ In travellers’ narrations

“ Is, *by comparison* to say

“ What marks the various nations.

“ Thus, Sire, with you, as I perceive,

“ The men are tall and tawny;

“ While those in Lapland, give me leave,

“ To a man are white and brawny :

“ Then, Sire, our rivers to pourtray,

“ With ice so firm and clever ;

“ Whereon we prance the live-long day :

“ Ah, Lapland dear, for ever!—”

“ How ! prance on rivers ? quoth the king,

“ Or let me hear you better ?”

“ Indeed, my liege a common thing—

“ True to the very letter”—

“ Hold,” cries the sov’reign beast,” stop there,

“ Nor dare insult our presence !

“ You travellers love to make folk stare !”—

Horse stopp’d and made obeisance.

King, courtiers, vow to hear no more,

Poor horse to flight betakes him ;

Behind, he hears the incred’lous roar,

And mighty tremor shakes him.

Forth

Forth from the ice-less clime he flies
As fast as fly he's able ;
This lesson gained : (no worthless prize :)
Plain truth may look like fable.



CHAP. IX.

When autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warned of approaching winter, gathered play
 The swallow-people; and tossed wide around,
 O'er the calm sky in convulsion swift,
 The feathered eddy floats; rejoicing once
 E'er to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats:
 Or, rather, into warmer climes conveyed,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back.

THOMSON.

EDMUND was greatly entertained by Mr. AYLESFORD's fable; but he did not forget that gentleman's promise to relate his own opinion concerning the absence of swallows:

lows: he took an opportunity to bring forward this conversation again.

“ There are strong facts on all
“ sides of the question,” said Mr.
AYLESFORD: “ but facts may be
“ true, and yet the opinions founded
“ upon those facts may be false. I
“ am inclined to think that, gene-
“ rally speaking, all the swallow tribes,
“ like many other kinds of birds, *do*
“ migrate from this country at the
“ approach of winter, and return
“ with the spring; but that, on the
“ other hand, some *individuals*,
“ through particular circumstances,
“ fail to accompany their com-
“ panions; that, of these, some die
“ through the rigours of the cold;
“ and that others, who happen to
“ take

“ take shelter in favourable places,
“ are enabled, by some peculiarity
“ in their system, to preserve their
“ lives during a sleep, or suspended
“ animation, till the return of
“ warmth.”



CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The tear forgot as soon as shed!

GRAY.

“DO you know, Sir,” said EDMUND EAGER, “that I have been
“so mad with myself all last night—
“as you cannot think!”

“I hope you slept in part,” said Mr. AYLESFORD: “but what disturbed you?”

“Why,

“Why, Sir,” replied EDMUND EAGER, who had a certain consequential air in his conversation, “to tell you the truth, it was the young martins, chiefly.”

“I thought,” returned Mr. AYLESFORD, (imagining that the little birds had twittered, perhaps, and thus kept EDMUND awake), “I thought that all the young martins were dead.”

“Yes, Sir,” said EDMUND gravely, shaking his head, “they are dead; but the remembrance of them made me feel very oddly: you cannot imagine how many times I called myself a fool, for having meddled with the nest.”

“What brought this remorse upon you?” said Mr. AYLESFORD.

“Why,

“ Why, Sir, your conversation led
“ me to think ; and that, I believe,
“ was enough : for, in the first place,
“ I perceived that, the creatures
“ which appear to me most trifling
“ partake with ourselves of the good-
“ ness of God : and when I thought
“ of this, I blushed to have treated,
“ or considered, them carelessly :
“ next, I saw how vast and com-
“ plicate the plan of nature re-
“ specting them is ; then, I thought
“ that I had committed sacrilege by
“ interfering with her operations ;
“ and, what came most home to me,
“ I concluded that, I had exposed
“ my folly and presumption in at-
“ tempting to carry on those opera-
“ tions myself.”

“ These

“ These are good *feelings*,” said Mr. AYLESFORD: “ every one should “ *feel* so : these *feelings* may receive “ certain modifications which reason “ will approve, and the practice of “ the world abundantly suggest.”

It was evident from the whole of EDMUND'S conversation, that he had taken the matter very seriously to heart. He spent many of the hours that used to be devoted to heedless pursuits in reading books with great attention : and having one day found the following poem, he brought it to Mr. AYLESFORD :

PEGGY

PEGGY AND MOLLY:

A JUVENILE PASTORAL.

I.

When poppies 'mong the corn were blowing,
When dad and mum were out a mowing,
And sister gone to fair,
Peggy she sat down a-sobbing ;
Fast her little breast was throbbing
Fill'd with infant care :

II.

Molly, to the 'squire's going,
(Done her daily task of sewing)
Chanced to pass that way :
" How now, Peggy, wherefore crying ?
" Is your pretty birdling dying ?
" Or, what's the matter, pray ?"

III.

Peggy the dead bird displaying,
Not a word there needed saying :
Silence told her grief :
But, presently, her eyes a-drying,
With half-check'd sobs she spoke, and sighing,
In converse found relief :

H

IV.

IV.

PEGGY.

" Those that are not wounded, Molly,

" Laugh, and think all tears a folly ;

" But, what I've seen I know :

" When they come to bear affliction,

" Then, they don't think sorrow fiction :

" Then, they can hear of wo !—"

V.

MOLLY.

" Peggy, pray give over teasing :

" I laugh'd, last year, I know, in leasing.

" When your *lark* had *fled* ;

" But what's to-day is not to-morrow :

" Now, indeed, *I'm* full of sorrow ;

" For our poor *Keeper's* dead ! *

VI.

PEGGY.

" Then sit down, Molly, let us never

" Cease to grieve, but cry for ever ;

" What we loved is gone !

" Could we smile, and look like May-day,

" And merry be, and sport on play-day,

" We had but hearts of stone !"

* See '*Keeper's Travels in search of his Master* ;' and the last pages of the '*Canary-bird*.'

VII.

MOLLY.

"Peggy, we must bear our losses,
"These and, still, child, heavier crosses,
"With a better grace :
"Grief, like all things, has a season ;
"Look up, Peggy, list to reason ;
"Wipe your tear-wet face !"

VIII.

"Come, no more, you silly weeper,
"(Says mother, when I cried for Keeper)
"Poor Keeper is at peace !
"That his life is o'er he grieves not,
"The love you pay him he perceives not,
"Let, then, these plainings cease."—

IX.

Molly hastes on ; for day is waning :
And see where sister comes from fajring ;
And dad and mum from field !
Peggy a new doll admiring,
Thinks nothing else is worth desiring,
And thus her sorrows yield !

CHAP. XI.

Old Neddy's poverty they moan ;
Who, whilom was a swain
That had more sheep himself alone
Than ten upon the plain.

W. BROWN.

MR. AYLESFORD thanked EDMUND for the poem which has been given in the last chapter, and soon after recommended the following to his perusal : saying that, as a moral poem, it might be useful for supporting the good dispositions of the heart, and, as displaying many pretty

NOTE.

Who whilom.] Who formerly.

images

images of nature (particularly the tokens of morning), it could not fail of affording pleasure.

PIERS. THOMALIN.

THOMALIN.

Where is ev'ry piping lad
That the fields are not y-clad
With their milk-white sheep?
Tell me, is it holy-day,
Or if, in the month of May,
Use they long to sleep?

PIERS.

Thomalin 'tis not too late;
For the turtle and her mate
Sitten yet in nest;
And the thrush hath not been
Gath'ring worms yet on the green,
But attends her rest.
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung
In the shady grove;

H 3

But

But the nightingale in dark
 Singing, wakes the mounting lark ;
 She records her love.
 Not the sun hath with his beams
 Gilded yet our chrystal streams,
 Rising from the sea :
 Mist do crown the mountains' tops ;
 And each pretty hawthorn drops ;
 'Tis but newly day :
 Yet see yonder, though unwist,
 Some man cometh in the mist ;
 Hast thou him beheld ?
 See he crosseth o'er the land
 With a dog, and, staff in hand,
 Limping for his eld.

THOMALIN.

Yes, I see him and do know him ;
 And we all do rev'rence owe him :
 'Tis the aged sire

NOTES.

Though unwist.] That is: though I *know* not who it is.

For his eld.] Through the weakness of age.

Neddy ;

Neddy ; who was wont to make
Such great feasting at the wake
And the blessing-fire.

Good old man ! see how he walks
Painful, and among the balks,
Picking locks of wool !

I have known the day when he
Had as much as any three
When their flocks were full !—

Underneath yon hanging rocks,
All the valley with his flocks
Was whilom overspread :

He had milch-goats without peers,
Well-hung kine, and fatten'd steers
Many hundred head :—

Wilkin's cote his dairy was ;
For a dwelling it may pass
With the best in town ;

NOTES.

Wake.] Annual holidays in the country.

Blessing-fire.] Certain fires made at Midsummer, and so called, in the west parts of England.—A sort of wake.

Balks.] A ridge of land between two furrows.

Peers.] Equals.

Curds

Curds and cream, with other cheer,
Have I had there in the year.

For a greeny gown :
Lasses kept it as, again,
Were not fitted on the plain
For a lusty dance ;
And at parting home would take us
Flawns or syllabubs to make us
For our jousance :

NOTES.

Curds and cream, &c.] The shepherd, Thomalin, says that, at old Neddy's dairy he has had curds and cream, &c., in return for which he has, before now, given a green gown to the lasses who were the dairy maids. These lasses, he says, were such as, for a dance, have not since been seen on the plains : and, besides dancing well, these lasses had another good quality : when the dance was over, they would take the shepherds to their master's dairy, and treat them with flavns and syllabubs for their *jousance*, or entertainment ; and though some persons (who, probably, did not taste the syllabubs) would tell old Neddy, the master, of what was going forward ; yet he was so liberal, that, instead of being angry, he bade the shepherds welcome.

Flawnis] Custards.

And

And though some, in spite, would tell
 Yet old Neddy took it well ;
 Bidding us again
 Never at his cote be strange.—
 Unto him that wrought this change
 Mickle be the pain !

PIERS.

What disaster, Thomalin,
 This mischance hath cloth'd him in
 Quickly tell to me ?
 Rue, I do, his state the more
 That he owned, heretofore
 Some felicity !—
 Have, by night, accursed thieves
 Slain his lambs, or stol'n his beeves ?
 Or consuming fire
 Burnt his shearing-house, or stall,
 Or a deluge drowned all ?
 Tell it me intire.—
 Have the winters been so set
 To rain and snow, that they have wet
 All his driest lair :

NOTES.

Mickle.] Much.

Lair.] Barn, or stall for cattle.

By which means his sheep have got
Such a deadly cureless rot
That none living are ?

THOMALIN.

Neither the waves, nor thieves, nor fire
Nor have rots impoor'd this sire ;
Suretieship ; nor yet
Was the usurer helping on
With his vile extortion ;
Nor the chains of debt :
But deceit, that ever lies
Strongest arm'd for treacheries
In a bosom'd friend ;
That, and only that, hath brought it !
Ruin take the head that wrought it,
And the basest end !
Grooms he had, and he did send them
With his herds a field, to tend them :
Had they farther been
Sluggish, lazy, thriftless elves !
Sheep had been kept themselves
From the foxes' teen !
Some would kill their sheep, and then
Bring their master home again
Nothing but the skin ;

Telling

Telling him how in the morn
In the fold they found them torn,
And near lying lin.

If they went unto the fair
With a score of fatten'd ware,
And did chance to sell ;

If old Neddy had again
Half his own, I dare saine
That but seldom fell :

They at their return would say,
Such a man, or such, would pay,
Well known of your hync.

Alas, poor man ! that subtle knave
Undid him, and vaunts it brave,
Though his master pine !

Of his master he would beg
Such a lamb that broke his leg ;

And, if there were none,
To the fold by night he'd hie,
And them hurt full ruefully,

Or with staff or stone.—

He would have petitions new
And for desp'rate debts would sue

NOTE.

Lin.] Dead,

Neddy

Neddy had forgot :
He would grant : the other then
Tears from poor and aged men :
Or in jails they rot.
Neddy, lately rich in store,
Giving much, deceived more,
On a sudden fell :
Then his steward lent him gold :
Yet no more than might be told
Worth his master's cell.
That is gone, and all beside :
Well-a-day ! alack the tide !—
In a hollow den
Underneath yon gloomy wood
Goes he now, and wails the brood
Of ungrateful men.

PIERS.

But, alas ! now he's old,
Bit with hunger, nip't with cold,
What is left him,
Or to succour or relieve him,
Or from wants oft to reprieve him ?

THOMALIN.

All's bereft him !

Save

Save he hath a little crowd,
 (He in youth was of it proud)
 And a dog to dance :
 With them, he, on holidays
 In the farmers' houses plays
 For his sustenance.

PIERS.

See, he's near : let's rise to meet him,
 And, with dues to old age, greet him :
 It is fitting so.—

NOTE.

Save he hath a little crowd.] He has nothing left but a fiddle, and the skill of playing upon it. The reader will here perceive the value of every kind of accomplishment and learning: Old Neddy's tale is but a comment on the text :

Learning's better than house and land :
 When house and land are gone and spent,
 Then, learning is most excellent.

The faculties and acquisitions of the mind are the only possessions that are free from the danger of bankruptcy.

I

THO-

THOMALIN.

'Tis a motion good and sage :

Honor still is due to age,

- Up, and let us go.

W. BROWN. III ECL.



CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

When winter bites upon the naked plain,
Nor food nor shelter on the groves remain,
By instinct led, a firm united band,
As marshal'd by some skilful general's hand,
The congregated nations wing their way
In dusky columns o'er the trackless sea;
In clouds unnumber'd annual hover o'er
The craggy Bass, or Kilda's utmost shore:
Thence, spread their sails to meet the southern wind,
And leave the gathering tempest far behind;
Pursue the circling sun's indulgent ray,
Course the swift seasons, and o'ertake the day!

MRS. BARBAULD.

IN the course of his visit, Mr. AYLESFORD observed that, it is natural to conclude that swallows retire to other countries; because, a variety of other birds are known to do the
I 2 same.

same. "If," said he, "we were
"thoroughly acquainted with the
"precise employments of each spe-
"cies, we should be able, I appre-
"hend, to *demonstrate* that swallows
"do, and must, for the very welfare
"of the world, visit various cli-
"mates in rotation. Beside the
"swallow-tribes, the woodcock, the
"nightingale, the cuckow, the star-
"ling, the red-start, the female chaf-
"finch and yellow hammer, the
"black-cap, the crested-wren, &c.
"change their abodes; and there are
"yet a numerous assemblage of
"storks, cranes, and all aquatic birds,
"to be added: now, among all these,
"I do not recognise a single species
"which can perform the office of
"the

“ the swallow, whose food is com-
“ posed of insects, and, particularly,
“ such as are on the surface of the
“ water.

“ With respect to their capacity
“ of flight, I cannot conceive why,
“ considering the smallness of the
“ weight it has to carry, a swallow
“ should not be as able to travel as a
“ stork, of whose departure we have
“ the following description by the
“ author of the Seasons :

“ Where the Rhine loses his majestic face
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of liberty,
The stork assembly meet; for many a day,
Consulting deep and various, e'er they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky,
And now their route designed, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings;

And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheeled round and round, in congregation full,
The figured flight ascends ; and riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds."

" While our birds seek, in winter,
" latitudes still near the equator,
" there are others who, with the same
" design, leave the neighbourhood of
" the arctic pole, and find, with us,
" even in our severest weather, a
" softer climate: among these are the
" wild swans. While these enjoy
" the summer in Siberia, multitudes
" of other birds come to Britain:
" great numbers of these flock yearly
" to the Hebrides, or Western Islands
" of Scotland: their appearance in
" these islands, has been thus no-
" ticed :

Where

‘ ---Where the northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulé, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? What nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise,
Infinite wings? till all the plume-dark air,
And rude resounding shore; is one wild cry?’ *

“ and their visits to St. Kilda, the
“ most remote and unfrequented of
“ all those islands, is thus celebrated
“ by Mallet :

‘ The season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks :
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage, transmigrating, come,
Unnumbered colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature’s summons, their aerial state
Annual to found; and in bold voyage steer
O’er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore,

* Thomson.

By

By Heav'ns directive spirit; here to raise
There temporary realm; and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues.*



CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.

MILTON.

“AMONG the birds of passage
“that, as I have said,” continued
Mr. AYLESFORD, “visit us during
“our winter, is the swan. There
“are two species of swan, the wild
“and the tame. The *wild* is the
“smallest, and least beautiful; this,
“nevertheless, is of a snowy white-
“ness, and about five feet in length.
“It visits the coasts of England dur-
“ring hard winters in large flocks.
“In October, they arrive in great
“numbers at Lingey, one of the
“Western

“ Western Isles ; and remain there
“ till March, when they return
“ northward. A few continue in
“ Mainland, one of the Orkneys,
“ and breed in the little islands of the
“ fresh-water lochs ; but the multi-
“ tude retires at the approach of
“ spring. These birds pass the sum-
“ mer in the coldest parts of the
“ world. They inhabit the north as
“ high as Iceland ; and they are
“ found as low as the soft climate of
“ Greece or of Lydia (the modern
“ Anatolia), in Asia Minor : they even
“ descend into Egypt. They swarm
“ during summer, in the vast lakes
“ and marshes of the Tartarian and
“ Siberian deserts ; and resort in
“ great numbers to winter about the
“ Caspian

“ Caspian or Euxine seas. Those of
“ the eastern parts of Siberia retire
“ beyond Kamtschatka, either to the
“ coasts of America, or to the isles
“ north of Japan. In Siberia, they
“ spread far north; but not to the
“ arctic circle. They arrive in Hud-
“ don’s Bay about the beginning of
“ May; but all retire to the southern
“ parts of North America in autumn,
“ even so low as Carolina and Loui-
“ siana.

“ Our tame-swan is the largest of
“ British birds; it is distinguished
“ from the former not only by its
“ size, and differences of colour and
“ conformation at its bill, but, also
“ by that arching of the neck which
“ forms a beauty so conspicuous in
“ its

“its attitudes: for the wild swan
“carries its neck quite erect.”

“In Russia, the appellations of
“*wild* and *tame* are reversed. There,
“and in Siberia, our tame-swan is
“wild; and the swan which we
“call *wild* is most commonly
“tamed. The British tame-swan
“seems to affect a greater degree of
“warmth than the other; it does
“not appear in Siberia till the sum-
“mer is farther advanced; and ne-
“ver spreads so high into the north-
“ern latitudes. Those that frequent
“the southern part of the Caspian
“Sea are very large, and much
“esteemed as food.”

“Is it eaten in England, Sir?”

“Swans were formerly in so high
“esteem

“ esteem in England that, more than
“ one act of parliament has been
“ made concerning them. By that
“ of Edward IV. ‘ no one that pos-
‘ sessed a freehold of less yearly value
‘ than five marks, was permitted to
‘ keep any, other than the son of our
‘ sovereign lord, the king :’ and by
“ the eleventh of Henry VII. the
“ punishment for taking their eggs
“ was imprisonment for a year and a
“ day, and a fine at the king’s will.
“ In these times, swans were served
“ up at every great feast, when the
“ elegance of the table was measured
“ by the size and quantity of the
“ good cheer. Their flesh is of a
“ black or dark colour. At present
“ they are not so highly valued as a

K

“ de-

“ delicacy ; yet cygnets, which are
“ young swans, whose colour till the
“ second year is ashy, are still fat-
“ tened at Norwich about Christmas,
“ and sold for a guinea each ; and
“ great numbers are preserved for
“ their beauty on the Thames and
“ on the Trent, and on various
“ streams and pieces of water, pu-
“ blic and private.

“ The swan is held in high esti-
“ mation by the Mahometans ; and
“ they are generally esteemed for the
“ elegance of their form : their atti-
“ tudes on the water are exceeding
“ graceful ; but on land, like most
“ other water-fowls, and like every
“ thing out of its element, its mo-
“ tions are awkward.”

“ Is

“ Is it not dangerous to approach
“ a swan ?”

“ A stranger ought, certainly, to
“ be upon his guard ; and he should
“ be aware of their great strength.
“ They are not only strong, but,
“ sometimes, exceeding fierce ; and
“ their resentment is kindled by un-
“ accountable accidents, and violent
“ antipathies to some colours. Swans
“ have been known to throw down
“ and trample under foot young peo-
“ ple of fifteen or sixteen years of
“ age ; and an old one to break the
“ leg of a man with a stroke of its
“ wings. Swans have even con-
“ quered in a struggle with a man in
“ a boat, so as to force him into the
“ water. They live to a great age ; fre-

“quently to the hundredth year.
“They are certainly beautiful birds :
“it is very delightful to see them
“sailing on the smooth water by
“moonlight.”

“Do not swans sing very harmoniously, Sir ?”

“You have been led into that error by the fables of the poets, of the origin of which I will give you some account. In the first place, it may be proper to observe that, it is only the wild swans which have any voice at all ; the others can only hiss, and make a sort of snorting noise. The wild swan, which is also called the whistling swan, is enabled, by the very remarkable shape of its windpipe, to
“utter

“ utter a loud and shrill note when
“ flying or calling. Its sound is
“ *whoogh, whoogh*; and it is not dis-
“ agreeable when heard far above
“ one’s head, and modulated by the
“ winds. The natives of Iceland
“ compare it to the notes of a violin.
“ Mr. Pennant observes that, they
“ hear it at the end of their long and
“ gloomy winter, when the return of
“ the swans announces the return of
“ summer; every note must be there-
“ fore melodious which presages the
“ speedy thaw, and the release from
“ their tedious confinement. In Ca-
“ rolina, these whistling swans are
“ said to be of two sorts: the larger,
“ called from its note the *trumpeter*,
“ which frequents the fresh rivers in
K 3 “ winter;

“ winter ; and the smaller, called the
“ *hooper*, which resorts mostly to the
“ salt-water.

“ It appears, then, that there are
“ swans which are not so silent as
“ our tame ones ; and it seems pro-
“ bable, that the whistling swans
“ were those alone to which the an-
“ cient classics were accustomed :
“ Mr. Pennant observes that, the
“ mute swan never frequents the Pa-
“ dus, nor is ever seen on the Cay-
“ ster in Lydia ; each of them
“ streams celebrated by the poets
“ for the great resort of swans ;
“ and it may be further remarked,
“ that none of the ancient poets,
“ in all their lavish descriptions of
“ the swan, have noticed the arched
“ neck

“ neck which is so strikingly beau-
“ tiful that, it would scarcely have
“ been passed over had it been once
“ beheld. Homer, the accurate
“ observer, and picturesque delineator
“ of nature, would surely have
“ preferred this characteristic to that
“ of *long-necked*, the epithet that he
“ has bestowed ; a circumstance
“ which renders it most probable,
“ that he had seen only the *wild*
“ straight-necked swan.

“ It is certainly from this species
“ that the poets have fabled the swan
“ to be endowed with the powers of
“ melody. From some circumstance,
“ which it is, now, perhaps, impos-
“ sible to trace, they represented the
“ body of the swan, under the doc-
“ trine

“trine of transmigration, as the
“mansion of the souls of departed
“poets; and then attributed to the
“*bird*, the harmonious faculties of
“the *bard*. The vulgar, not distin-
“guishing between *sweetness of num-*
“*bers* and *melody of voice*, took what
“was said of the swan figuratively
“to be real. In time, a *swan* be-
“came a common trope for a bard;
“a freedom of speech which neces-
“sarily assisted to confirm the at-
“tribute of melody to the bird. It
“was also the popular opinion that,
“the swan foretold its own end. This,
“too, was a transfer of the bardic
“character, to which the confusion
“of names already mentioned natu-
“rally led. Anciently, the two cha-
“racters

“ racters of poet and prophet were
“ always understood to be united ; and
“ the swan, from the supposed trans-
“ migration, was made to share all
“ the powers of the bard : or, like
“ the bard, it might be supposed to
“ receive this faculty immediately
“ from Apollo, the god of prophecy
“ and divination, who, being the
“ protector and inspirer of poets,
“ became, also, from the circum-
“ stances of assimilation, the patron
“ of swans.”

CHAP. XV.

His faithful dog shall bear him company.

POPE.

THE time arriving at which EDMUND EAGER was to leave his kind god-father, preparations were made for the occasion. Mr. AYLESFORD, too, was about to finish his visit to this hospitable and worthy gentleman; and, as his road lay, in part, in the way which EDMUND was to go, it was agreed that they should set out together. EDMUND was, as the reader has, perhaps, considered him, a bland, well-meaning character, with a good share of natural genius:

genius : his manners were hearty, and his disposition generous ; he was one of those who stand little in need of introduction ; who perpetually make themselves friends : and, happily, his understanding, though unpolished, secured him from behaving improperly ; and the artless, undesigning, nature, which appeared in all he said and did, excused his eccentricities : a character, this, which it is dangerous to imitate ; because imitators are apt to imagine that mere rudeness is its sole ingredient ; and of which the possessor must take considerable care, because it exposes him to many evils : such a one, however, is perpetually enlarging the circle of his acquaintance ; and, from
his

his companionable qualities, is generally admired: this was EDMUND's case, whom Mr. THOUGHTLESS, while he sincerely expressed his regret at his departure, pressinglly invited him to repeat his visit; and who was no less earnestly requested to spend some time at the house of Mr. AYLESFORD.

Mr. AYLESFORD and EDMUND EAGER commenced their journey early in the morning, and rode several miles before they stopped to breakfast.

At the inn, they enjoyed, during their meal, the conversation of a military gentleman who had, the day before, arrived from the Continent. The battles and fatiguing warfare
which

which had lately taken place supplied the chief topics of their discourse. The glitter of arms, the hurly of engagement, and the thunder of artillery, that, even in retrospective narrative, attend the history of war, present a distracting picture to the mind, from which we are glad to be relieved by the singling out of any little incident. The smallest circumstance, too, which has any connection with the field whereon a battle has been fought is gathered with avidity : in this point of view, we may be permitted to repeat a fact which this officer mentioned.

The captain had with him a handsome dog, who, now and then, received, with much satisfaction, a
L piece

piece of buttered toast from each of the travellers. EDMUND inquired whether Ranger, too, had been in camp? His master replied in the affirmative.

“I remember,” said Mr. AYLESFORD, “that Keysler informs us, “in his German travels, that, one “of the dukes of Wirtemberg, who “had also a kennel for twelve dogs “in his chamber, (conceiving, no “doubt, that they were excellent “life-guards) kept a tame black wolf, “which always accompanied him as “a dog; and was, more than once, “his attendant in martial expedi- “tions. At one siege, however, ter- “rified by the noise of the opera- “tions, he left the duke at his head- “quarters,

“quarters, and, crossing a river, re-
“turned to the palace at Stutgard.”

“Did the wolf never do any mis-
“chief?” said the captain.

“The writer tells us, very coolly,”
returned Mr. AYLESFORD, “that,
“*be once bit a large piece out of a*
“*nobleman's back.*”

This conversation led the captain
to relate the anecdote already al-
luded to:

“Returning,” said he, “over the
“field, after the French had retreated
“from the hills of Camperdown, I
“heard the howling of a dog at some
“little distance, and presently disco-
“vered it to proceed from a little
“spaniel which lay close to the body
“of a french soldier. Thinking to

“ save the poor thing from useless
“ affliction, I desired two of our
“ pioneers to bring him away. It
“ was not without much difficulty
“ that they caught the dog: for he
“ ran round the body of his master,
“ determined, it seemed, not to
“ abandon the spot; at length, the
“ pioneers secured him, and pro-
“ ceeded about half a mile. The
“ dog struggled all the way, and, at
“ length, escaped from the men’s
“ arms. Immediately, he ran back
“ again, with incredible swiftness. I
“ was curious to see more of the
“ poor creature’s behaviour; where-
“ fore, shortly after, having leisure,
“ I returned to the fatal place. I
“ was much moved at finding him
“ pulling

“ pulling the soldier’s hand, and
“ barking, or howling, incessantly ;
“ he would not be allured away ; and
“ considering that force had so little
“ appearance of the kindness which I
“ intended, and would, in all pro-
“ bability, be so ineffectually op-
“ posed to the perseverance of his
“ affection, I gave up the attempt
“ to take him from the body.

“ Still, however, I was anxious to
“ know what would become of him.
“ On inquiry, I found that, when the
“ pioneers had buried his master, the
“ faithful attendant dug, in the loose
“ earth, a hole large enough for his
“ own body ; and, lying himself in
“ it, moaned continually. He must
“ certainly have soon died for want

“ of the nourishment which he re-
“ fused, as well as owing to the grief
“ in which he indulged : but one of
“ our soldiers, more cruel, or more
“ kind, I cannot say which, than
“ others who had witnessed his situa-
“ tion, put an end to his unavailing
“ sorrows by knocking him on the
“ head with the butt-end of his
“ piece.”

“ The circumstance, sir,” said
Mr. AYLESFORD, “ is truly pathetic.
“ I am at a loss, like you, to say
“ whether the soldier was very cruel
“ or very kind. Our feelings, I be-
“ lieve, argue one way, and our rea-
“ son another.”

EDMUND, who had paid great at-
tention to the story, looked very se-
rious :

rious: he patted the captain's dog, and gave him a piece of toast—this was as much as to say: “there’s a
“good dog—you are a faithful crea-
“ture!”—Such is the influence of the records of virtue: for we transfer the affection that we feel for the memory of the dead to the characters of the living.—

“I could not help putting the
“matter in a point of view,” said the captain, “that appeared to me very
“interesting. I imagined the sol-
“dier to have expired gradually, sen-
“sible of the attention of this con-
“stant friend. I thought of the
“poor man lying in this state unno-
“ticed:

‘No wife, no friend, to close his eyes:’

DIBDIN.

“yet

“ yet soothed in those moments
“ by the affection of his dog ; and
“ sinking into death with his hand
“ upon his fond and last companion.”



CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonor'd and defac'd, in most,
By budding ills that ask a prudent hand
To check them : but, alas ! none sooner
Shoots into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.

COWPER.

IT was not till more than an hour after they had finished their breakfast that the travellers could persuade themselves to part. At length, the captain pursued his way to London ; and Mr. AYLESFORD and EDMUND took the cross-road which led to that part of the country into which they were going.

In the afternoon of the next day,
Mr.

MR. AYLESFORD and EDMUND separated. MR. AYLESFORD, as we have before observed, invited the young gentleman, of whom he entertained an excellent opinion, to pass some time with him, when an opportunity should present itself, at his seat.

The hours which they had passed together on their journey were spent in useful conversation. EDMUND could not forget the soldier and his dog : he made many good remarks that were suggested by this story. Insensibly, their discourse fell into a general view of the animal creation ; and that duty of forbearance toward them which men should observe. “*E-very species of creatures,*” said MR. AYLESFORD, “evinces an obvious
“ pre-

“ preference to its *own* kind ; and
“ it is in obedience to this *natural in-*
“ *stinct* that, *men* look with aversion
“ or contempt upon the other ranks
“ of beings by which they are sur-
“ rounded. A *philosophic* mind will,
“ in part, rise above this sensation,
“ to which mankind, in common
“ with brutes, is subject : an *incon-*
“ *siderate* mind, surrounded, as we all
“ are, by the influences of artificial
“ society, (influences at once numb-
“ ing and irritative,) will carry this
“ aversion and contempt to an unjust
“ excess ; and a *depraved* mind will
“ take such advantage of these in-
“ stincts as to become absolutely
“ cruel.

“ It is therefore with great advan-
“ tage

“ tage to the morals and happiness
“ of society that, poets, who are
“ created to utter the voice of truth
“ and nature, perpetually call us
“ back to a right consideration of
“ these things. In reading, indeed,
“ much is admired, much assists the
“ general improvement of the mind,
“ which, however, is soon forgotten,
“ and its effects, though beneficial,
“ are imperceptible : but, occasion-
“ ally, passages will occur that rivet
“ the attention, and cling to memory
“ for ever : these cheer us in languor ;
“ these sustain us in despair ; these
“ preserve us in temptation ; these
“ arrest us in error ; and with
“ strength of arm, and audibleness
“ of

“ of voice, as it were, direct our
“ conduct.

“ On this subject, I can bear tes-
“ timony to these lines by Mr.
“ Cowper :

‘ I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though grac’d with polish’d manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm:
An inadvertent step may crush a snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn’d,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.’

“ I scarcely see a snail or a worm
“ without recollecting these lines :
“ and to their author, many of these
“ reptiles, I doubt not, are indebted
“ for safety from my else ‘ inadver-
“ tent steps :’ a praise, this, I am
“ persuaded, which that writer would
“ not disdain to receive.

M

“ I

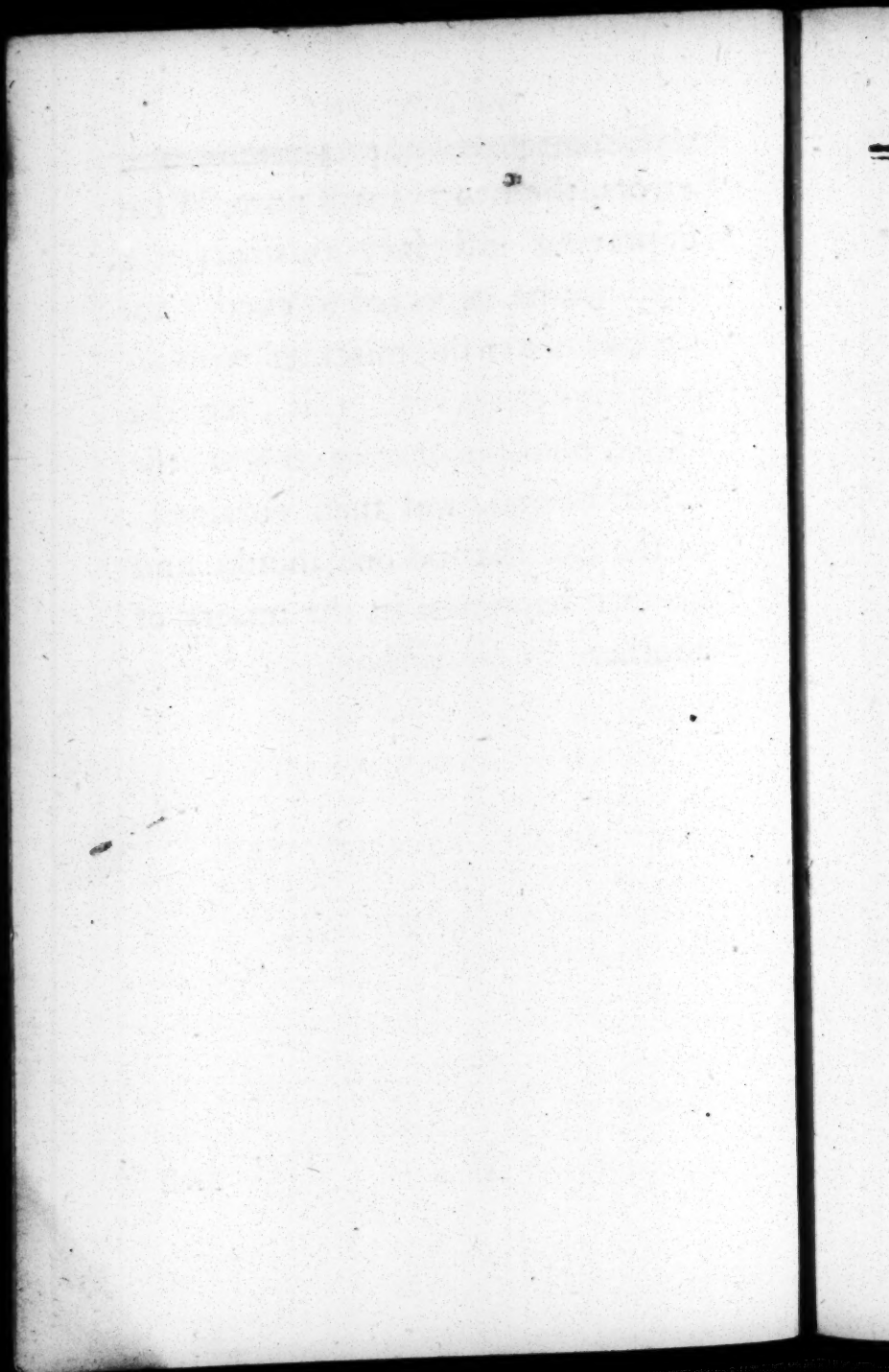
“ I say more upon this subject,
“ now, than I otherwise should, be-
“ cause, having already taken several
“ opportunities of presenting it to
“ your notice, I think it may not be
“ amiss to close the argument with
“ some general observations. When
“ I speak of closing the argument, I
“ mean that it may not happen that
“ we shall ever enter directly upon
“ this topic again. Under this idea,
“ let me, to avoid misconstruc-
“ tion, remark, that the question
“ concerning the reptile; (I allude
“ to the lines just quoted,) and
“ which regards humanity to animals
“ in general, does not turn so much
“ upon the value of the creature, or
“ the injury that it receives ; (for, in
“ a

“ a comprehensive view of nature,
“ no individual fills a very important
“ place; and loss of life is a loss
“ which it can never regret;) but,
“ rather, on the texture of mind
“ which wanton cruelty indicates, or,
“ in all probability, will *produce*?—
“ If it were the act of killing, and
“ not the improper circumstances of
“ the act, that we condemned, it
“ would be impossible for the most
“ inoffensive person to walk along a
“ meadow, to gather a cowslip, or
“ to plant a violet, free from the
“ guilt of destroying myriads of
“ creatures : the innocent lamb,
“ while it seems to crop only the
“ inanimate herbage, swallows whole
“ crowds of breathing things that
M 2 “ live,

“ live, and enjoy their lives, upon
“ the green and dewy blades. Such
“ an imputation, then, as that of
“ guilt in the mere taking the lives
“ of animals, is preposterous; and
“ can never be confounded with the
“ pleadings of humanity, unless by
“ the inconsiderate, or the sophistic-
“ cruel. The question is : With
“ what degree of *willingness* a good
“ mind can consent to deface what is
“ beautiful ; to injure the harmless ;
“ to oppress the helpless :—what *sort*
“ *of delight* it can find in doing these
“ things ; and with what measure of
“ audacity it can destroy, idly and
“ unnecessarily, that which God, in
“ his wisdom and goodness created ?
“ and, if, notwithstanding all these
“ errors,

“ errors, the heart is still pure, What
“ depraving influence this practice
“ may not be expected to exert ? for
“ we can never do mischief without
“ injuring ourselves : this, say the
“ sacred books of the Egyptians, the
“ father of gods and men ordained :
“ to the end that no one should find
“ his own happiness in the misery of
“ another !”

END OF THE SECOND PART.



THE
SWALLOW.

IN THREE PARTS.



PART III.

At length the winter's surly blasts are o'er;
Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns;
Health to the breeze unbars the screaming door,
And every breast with heat celestial burns!
And see, my Delia, see, o'er yonder stream,
Where on the sunny bank the sun-beams play,
Alike attracted to th'enliv'ning beam,
The stranger SWALLOWS take their wonted way!
Welcome ye gentle tribes! your sports pursue!
Welcome again to Delia and to me!
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan your settlements, from danger free!

JAGO.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVII.

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid.

JAGO.

WHEN the warmth of spring began to diffuse itself through the climate of Britain, the young Swallow, who, alone, of all his family, was saved from the cold of winter, and whom we left secure under the roof of an old building, ventured forth into day. Awaking from so long a slumber, he could not for some time
recol-

recollect the world which he had witnessed before his sleep ; but that was of little consequence. What he saw and felt and tasted was delightful, and *how* he came into the enjoyment of all this he did not inquire : that the hand that placed him here was mighty and full of blessings every thing testified ; and with such an earnest of capacity and goodness in the Disposing Power, who would be ungrateful enough to mistrust the future ?

It is, perhaps, a part of the few swallows which remain in England that sometimes venture abroad too soon in the variable season, and, paying for their rashness with their lives, have given rise to the proverb : *one swallow*

swallow does not make a summer. Happily, our orphan-bird experienced a favourable spring; and soon found himself amid the flocks that had returned from their long voyage.

One day, chancing to alight on the shore of a river, he rencountered the identical Wagtail who was present when the Martin, that EDMUND EAGER robbed, told the story of the Red-breast and the Chaffinches. They fell into conversation upon this subject, and the Wagtail, after relating what the reader has already heard, added that, he had since met with the little Chaffinch whom the Red-breast had saved. "When I saw him first," said he, "he was in
" con-

“considerable suspense concerning
“his mother’s liberty. He had
“formed a project for her escape,
“which, though it had been frus-
“trated, he yet hoped to accom-
“plish.—”

Here the Wagtail suddenly stopped, for he had the good fortune to spy the young Chaffinch and his mother alighting upon a neighbouring bush.

The two Chaffinches presently joined our party. They related the escape of the mother to have taken place in the following manner: the mother, from her cage, called to almost every bird that passed, inquiring concerning her young ones, and her mate, for whose absence she could not account. Her inquiries
through

through whole months were useless. Her spirits which, in the hope of being restored to her charge, she had sustained, had begun to decline ; and weary of fruitless solicitude, she had left off calling to the feathered passengers. She sat silent and drooping on the perch ; and, notwithstanding the attentions of the boy that imprisoned her, her health and, with that, her life, were hastily departing. - If uninterrupted happiness be not intended for the creatures of this world ; despair, on the other hand, is equally unbecoming their condition : while the Chaffinch was in this hopeless state, a sound visited her ears that filled her with agitation. She imagined it to be the voice of

N

her

her long-lost mate ; she called ; the voice replied, and she thought herself sure of his presence ; but it was the little surviving bird, who owed its life to the Red-breast. From that moment, the design of effecting an escape occupied the thoughts of both. The fate of the greatest part of the family oppressed her, naturally, with affliction ; but, though she was inclined to grieve, there was a duty that still more irresistibly demanded her attention, that of the guardianship of the young Chaffinch. For his sake she ardently wished to be at large ; instructed him in the nature of the contrivance by which her door was fastened, and it appeared to him that, to pick it open was no very difficult

difficult task. There were opportunities, in fact, when the thing might easily be done ; but these did not always present themselves. The door was secured with more or less strictness upon different days. The fastening was sometimes, so tight that, his little bill could scarcely move it ; at others, it seemed to be almost removed, when the little deliverer was, by some accident, frightened away. On the day in which he had last seen the Wagtail, the fastening was almost opened at the moment in which, to the afflicting disappointment of their hopes, the cage was taken in for the evening. Discomfitures so frequent had nearly deadened the elasticity of hope ; and this last disaster threw

each, in their hours of separation, into the most absolute despondency. Though one was in the woods, and the other in the cage, their thoughts were the same. Their misfortunes coloured the pictures of imagination; and the shades, therefore, you may be sure, were sufficiently dismal. But, not, *fancy*, only, misled them, they pretended to give authority to the phantoms of idea, by reasoning upon *probabilities*. They were certain that all their expectations were destroyed because, as they assumed, the boy would observe the fastening to have been attempted, and would not only restore it to its original tightness, but, for greater security, add triple bars; or, to improve
the

the prospect, they were of opinion that, to prevent the possibility of farther risk, he would never hang the cage in the air again. The fates have long ago, it may be supposed, cured all the human race of their propensity to torture themselves in this manner, by the numerous and signal examples they have given of the fallibility of all speculation ; but that chaffinches should not, yet, have learned this important lesson, seems extremely probable ; and such as these we have described, we take upon us to record, were the bodings of the birds celebrated in this story.

When morning came, events proved how little qualified are chaffinches to reason ! but we have heard

N 3

of

of agreeable disappointments before to-day, and theirs was of this sort. The boy did not observe the fastening; the cage *was* brought into the air; the door was *not* triple barred. —In the name of the honor of fortune, are there no lucky chances in favour of the weak and the miserable? —The young Chaffinch returned to the cage. The work of yesterday had so far forwarded his task that, in the space of a few minutes, his mother was able to push the door open, and the cage hung empty in the winds! —An event by which we think ourselves authorised to assert in this place, the two following maxims: the first we shall deliver in the poetry of BURNS:

‘ Whether

‘ —Whether doing, suff’ring, or forbearing,

‘ You may do miracles by *persevering*.’

The second is this : in whatever you wish to accomplish, or to excel, *exert* yourself : for, though your efforts may not produce success to-day, they may be the cause, (or, at least, they may assist, the acquisition,) of it at some future time.

The birds talked, now, of the charitable Red - breast. “ That Red-breast,” said the young Chaffinch, “ is near at hand ; I met him to-day ; “ he has seen a variety of adventures “ since the time when he nourished “ me. I shall never forget his attention ; nor the interest that he took “ in our misfortunes. His resentment “ against such as were the cause of “ them

“ them was excessive : he expressed
“ his feelings in many different ways :
“ they were often the subject of his
“ songs. One of those lays that so-
“ laced the woods so sweetly at even-
“ ing, and sometimes cheered the
“ snow-covered landscape, remains
“ impressed upon my memory. It
“ was this :

‘ Here, if heedless childhood plays,
Here, if truant schoolboy strays,
Let him, ere he hie along,
Stop, and hear the Robin’s song !

To please *his* ears, I’ll frame my lays,
Deeds of ruthless sport to praise ;
I’ll chuse the theme his heart approves :
I’ll sing the joys that most he loves ;

Bliss to the wild unthinking bands
Who nobly seize, with eager hands,
The downy nest, in gallant train,
And triumph in a parent’s pain !

May

May thread-strung eggs still swell your store!
Deride, as ever, pity's lore!
For plunder, still, thro' spring-time rove,
And revel in the pangs of love!

Or, snare the bird, and starve its nest,
Nor care what anguish rends its breast!---
Ah! stay, forgive, thou peaceful shade!
That these rude notes your bow'rs invade!

And, schoolboy! if you dare refuse
A cruel sport, yet want excuse,
Stop, when you're ask'd to hie along,
And say: "I've heard the Robin's song!"



CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesy.

SHAKSPERE.

A FEW moments after the Chaffinch had ceased singing the Robin's song, that bird himself alighted upon a contiguous spray. The gratitude of the young Chaffinch and the admiration of his companions were expressed in many an harmonious twitter; but the Red-breast led them from the praises of himself to the subject of plundered nests, and other similar misfortunes. The feelings of
the

the birds were strongly expressed upon this occasion; they gave their persecutors but little quarter; the Red-breast, however, spoke as a moderator between the parties: whether, in using a milder tone, he may be supposed to have been biassed by the peculiar good fortune of his own species, which, certainly, receives more favour and forbearance from mankind than any other; or, rather, to have uttered the unprejudiced suggestions of that experience of human habits which his familiarity with them might have enabled him to acquire, we shall not determine, but leave to the opinion of the reader. Certain it is, that he greatly softened the hard words which the other birds,

the

the wilder children of nature, thought themselves justified in using :

“ They are barbarians !” said the Chaffinch.

“ O dear, no,” cried the Red-breast, “ they are not barbarians ! they call themselves pretty little masters and “ misses.”

“ And these are the creatures that, “ as you pretend, become eminent “ in virtue, and great in talents ! fy, “ Robin, you are making game of “ silly birds !”

“ Pardon me,” said the Robin, “ you do what, indeed, is very com- “ monly done, first put words into “ my mouth which I never said, and “ then find fault with me for saying “ them : I told you that there have “ been,

“ been, and are, human characters
“ eminent in virtue, and great in
“ talents ; but I did not attempt to
“ impose upon you so much as to
“ assert that your persecutors are
“ now, or ever will be, such. Besides,
“ what I insist upon is, that the per-
“ sons of whom we speak are ab-
“ horred as much by their own spe-
“ cies as by ours.”

“ I am afraid, Robin, that you think
“ too favourably of these spoilers.
“ Does your race suffer persecution
“ as frequently as others ?”

“ It is not exempt from misfor-
“ tune, I can assure you ; but, in
“ truth, it has less to complain of
“ from mankind than most others
“ that are equally within its power.”

O

“ What

“What is the cause of this felicity?”

“In the first place, it is to be attributed to an unconditional confidence which we frequently repose: this flatters the self-love of mankind: they wish for its continuance; it is an incense to their hospitality; and they are ashamed to betray it: but we are, farther, much indebted, I believe, to an ancient ballad, called *The Children in the Wood*: these popular verses, or the general outlines of their subject, have reached the ears of almost every one, in this part of the world at least, for some hundred years. In this ballad, red-breasts are mentioned under circumstances

“ cumstances that have endeared
“ them to all its readers ; by this
“ means, a considerable share of at-
“ tention and partiality toward us has
“ been excited : our habits have,
“ perhaps, confirmed the impres-
“ sion that has been made, and were,
“ no doubt, its original cause. Be
“ this as it may, we are received with
“ veneration ; and an outrage upon a
“ Robin is regarded as an act of real
“ turpitude ; insomuch that I am in-
“ clined to suspect that what a man
“ might do without injuring his cha-
“ racter to almost any other bird,
“ would vilify it, if a Robin were the
“ sufferer. I think I speak truly
“ when I say, the feelings of man-
“ kind are in arms in our behalf.”

“From what you tell us,” said the Chaffinch, “I cannot but think, that you have reason to be partial. What can be the motive of those who, as you describe, steal the eggs of birds for no other purpose than that of stringing them like beads?”

“It is rather difficult to say,” replied the Robin: “but I fancy the stealers have heard that savage people take a pride in showing the skulls of those they have slain, or any other proofs of the mischief they have committed; or, that beasts of prey have their dens strewed round with the bones that they have gnawn: now, man is an imitative animal, and there is nothing like great examples.”

“Are

“ Are not these stealers, then,
“ downright barbarians ? ”

“ No : nothing but awkward imi-
“ tators : nothing but would-be bar-
“ barians : savages kill their ene-
“ mies ; these, those that do them
“ no harm ; wild beasts eat what they
“ catch ; these throw their prey up-
“ on the dunghill.

“ To be serious, indeed, in what-
“ ever harsh terms a splenetic imagi-
“ nation may express itself, or what-
“ ever comparisons a moralist may
“ use, in order to shew the odious-
“ ness of their conduct, be assured
“ that their motives are by no means
“ so bad as their actions : custom
“ draws them into the commission of
“ these errors : and, both when they

“ first yield to do as others do, and
“ when they themselves become fore-
“ most as examples, the cause of
“ their crime is thoughtlessness.”

“ And is there no reclaiming these
“ would-be barbarians ?”

“ I think something might be
“ done. I believe that, if any one
“ of their species were fortunate
“ enough to produce such a writing
“ upon the subject as should be
“ much read, a very visible improve-
“ ment might be expected in the
“ course of a few years ; and even
“ the weakest endeavour may have
“ its effect. You shake your head,
“ as much as to say : ‘ the creatures
‘ are incorrigible :’ but, give me
“ leave to say, a chaffinch cannot be
“ ex-

“ expected to know much of the
“ power of letters.—Nor a robin,
“ neither, you may reply :—I grant
“ it : but (how I came by the know-
“ ledge is no matter) I know that
“ wonders have been accomplished
“ by their aid ; though their use, in
“ any extensive degree, has not been
“ of above three or four hundred
“ years duration * :—I give you the
“ example of my race as a specimen
“ of their influence ; and I will not
“ believe, say what you will, that there
“ is a single boy who, if he should
“ read, for instance, such remarks
“ as these we are now making, but

* Alluding to the invention of printing : before which, books were too dear and too scarce for general circulation.

“ would

“ would, from that moment, be ashamed to show his rope of eggs, which is now the pride of his heart : for, mamma supplies the silk, (‘ What colour will you have, my dear ?’) Sister strings them (because sisters are very obliging, and used to the needle) and all his companions envy his numerous party-coloured collection. It is ridiculous enough, to think what a scene this would make in a book. Some readers would laugh ; others, I am sure, would blush deeply ; a third class would vow ‘ never to do so any more ;’ a fourth would call the author a foolish fellow ; a fifth would say, loudly, that such nonsense should never spoil his sport : (a tacit confession
“ this,

“ this, that he felt it tarnished :) and,
“ notwithstanding the variety of these
“ outside appearances, and certain
“ blusterings because we are ashamed
“ of being convinced, yet I will ven-
“ ture to assert that, every boy whom
“ such remarks should reach, would
“ instantly take care to keep his
“ plunder out of sight, and give up
“ all thoughts of increasing his store.
“ You know not how absurd these
“ characters would appear in a book;
“ in a book wherein the author
“ should be lucky enough to give
“ some home-touches.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Well fare your flight, ye mild domestic race !

Oh ! for your wings to travel with the sun !

Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done !

JACO.

IN the enjoyment of a life congenial with his nature, our swallow's summer passed away. Returning autumn warned the tribes of departure ; and he prepared to accompany their flight.

From birds who had already performed the pilgrimage, he heard various accounts of foreign countries,
and

and travelling incidents : for we are not to suppose that a continued sameness of adventure is the lot of these creatures ; every thing in nature is liable to misfortunes. Violent storms, no doubt, often disconcert their enterprise : sometimes they travel with favourable winds, and reach their destination with ease : at others, furious blasts, meeting them in the face, render their progress difficult, or, drive them, perhaps, far out of their way. It must sometimes happen that, they are kept out at sea so long that the weakest fall, through weariness, into the waves ; and thither, not unfrequently, whole flocks, like the locusts, are precipitated : escaping these disasters, with many a struggle,

a struggle, many an hour of fatigue and apprehension, how often do they reach land with the last gasp ! how often do they look out with anxiety for some rock offering a resting-place in the midst of the billows ! how often cling to it whole days, and gather food before they depart ! how often would they, for a little support, trust themselves to the masts and rigging of some white-sailed ship !

These accidents are so probable that we need not hesitate to receive them as facts. Throughout all creation, every thing is exposed to vicissitudes.

Impelled by nature, however, and without anticipating danger, our
swallow,

swallow, with the rest, commits himself to her care. His youthful ambition makes him wish to be the leader of the band: but this charge is bestowed upon one who has experience; and when this bird tires, and falls into the rear, another of equal qualification supplies his place. Happily, their voyage is prosperous:

E'er yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away;
To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

JACO.



Fifteenth Day of September.]

Swallows, and all other creatures, observe times and seasons, with great regularity. The day on which Quails, which are Birds of Passage, arrive in the island of Malta, is marked in the Maltese Almanack. This regularity ought, no doubt, to be attributed to an extreme sensibility to the state of the air; its denseness, humidity, &c. In a *Dissertation on the Barometer*, by the late Mr. Adams, are these remarks:

“ Those who pay attention to the animal creation, will find in their habitudes many prognostics of the state of the weather. In the nature of their labours, by the uneasiness they testify, by the peculiar tone of their voice, or, by the precautions they take to shelter themselves: their feelings are probably more acute, and their senses more awake to the delicate impressions of natural causes, than ours, where the mind by its continual action diminishes the force of all external impressions.”

THE END.



W

